PART TWO. THE SUNDAY JOURNAL. PAGES 9 TO 16

PRICE FIVE CENTS. INDIANAPOLIS, SUNDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 5, 1893—SIXTEEN PAGES. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

LOVE AND MARRIAGE.

Topics That Are Inadequately Treated in Current Literature.

Westminster Review.

Love and marriage are seldom treated in English literature with the seriousness they deserve. Love is regarded as the fitting theme for any amount of milk-and-water sentiment, and marriage is looked upon as the appropriate subject for an inexhaustible number of sorry jests. If treated with a little kindness, marriage is considered in the light of the wedding ceremony. Henceforth the sometime lovers fall into the commonplace ranks of "married people," from whom all illusions have fled.

It is open to us to believe that this persistent trifling with these subjects is only an example of the habit of Englishmen to hide their most serious feelings. It is a sign of weakness to wear one's heart upon one's sleeve and to confess to any deep feeling either in love, religion or grief. Death alone is treated with seriousness, and for that reason out of all due proportion; marriage is a more serious business than death, for death is but the termination of one life, while marriage may be the beginning of many lives. We lament the death of a friend as though it were avoidable, we submit to the consequences of marriage as though they were inevitable. We look upon human life as a miserable mistake, yet perpetuate it without compunction. If, as evolutionist ethics instruct us, the end of life is well-being, the well-being of individuals and the well-being of the species, there are no experiences which more directly or profoundly affect this well-being than love and marriage, and there are none that deserve more serious consideration. Whether we regard them from the personal and individual point of view, or from the point of view of the future welfare of humanity, there are no circumstances which so deeply concern the physiologist, the psychologist and the moralist; yet how little they are regarded. In Mr. Spencer's "Principles of Ethics," the very latest epitome of the latest philosophy, out of one thousand pages only about twenty are devoted to marriage and the marriage relations. From Mr. Spencer we learn that the ethical sanction of marriage consists in the fact that without marriage we should not have been born, and therefore we ought to marry that others may enjoy the same existence:

"The truth which it chiefly concerns us to note is that, assuming the preservation of the race to be a desideratum, there results a certain kind of obligation to pay this tax and submit to this sacrifice. Moreover, something like natural equity requires that as each individual is indebted to past individuals for the cost of production and rearing him, he shall be at some equivalent cost for the benefit of future individuals."

It is very doubtful if persons about to marry are ever influenced by such a cold-blooded ethical consideration. Those who marry for love are carried away by an unreasoning impulse, and ethical considerations have little to do with marriages of convenience. Love and marriage, whatever else they may be, are nature's means of securing what appears at present to be her chief care, the perpetuation of the species, and man, including woman, has very little liberty in the matter. It is a strange thing then that this, which is primarily important to the human race, should be treated as a trifle, a minor incident in life, a subject for sentiment or satire; while any reference to the real underlying fact is regarded as immoral or indecent.

Love is a state of the soul, but it differs from all other states in its intensity and duration. If we experience curiosity, anger, weariness, grief, we can divert ourselves and change our mental state; but nothing of the kind can be said about love. Not only does it completely absorb the man, his senses and his thoughts, but it remains constantly with him, and if it is not satisfied, it is transformed into an eternal suffering which absorbs all other states of the soul. It has another effect upon him—"his spirit expands to the beyond and would embrace all space, all the universe. He feels vaguely or instinctively that the passion which consumes him is only the feeble echo of some gigantic and sovereign power, that at this moment he is only one of the smallest atoms of the infinite, the passive expression of the universal divine harmony." Thus it is that pure sexual love transforms men into poets and philanthropists. Love is such a joyous enlargement of the being that the individual aspires to embrace all nature and fold all humanity in his arms. Doubtless the ecstasy diminishes and the generous feelings it begot subside, but for a time at least, sometimes for the rest of life, the individual has wider sympathies and a larger heart. Many, however, become the prey of ambition, of sordid desires, of unavoidable and carking cares, and the light of love is forever extinguished.

"Love wakes men once a lifetime, each,
They lift their heavy eyes and look;
And lo! what one sweet page can teach
They read with joy, then close the book.
And some give thanks and some blaspheme,
And most forget, but either way,
That, and the child's unheeded dream,
Is all the light of all their day."

—Patmore.

Two individuals of the opposite sex, who mutually experience this state of the soul in each other's presence, feel the absolute necessity of finding satisfaction in a union, physical as well as ideal. Hence comes marriage, and hence the difficulty and the tears. Marriage is a permanent union; but who can guarantee the permanency of love? Is it not beyond the power of the will? and if so, how can its decay be prevented? Cannot the state of the soul which demanded the union be maintained, and the real be kept under the mastery of the ideal to the end? Are we to regard it as impossible physiologically? Satisfaction produces satiety, satiety weariness and disgust, and then the curtain had better fall. Is it that nature, having attained her end, is careless what becomes of her instruments, and herself tears the veil which hid the coarse reality? Are we not ourselves most to blame if marriage is the executioner of love? Two individuals, who before marriage would give all for love, after marriage give very little indeed for it, and let some other "state of the soul" usurp its place. Pleasure, social distinction, riches, are pursued with unremitting energy, and love is thrust out. For love is a jealous god, and will have no competitor. The truth of this may be demonstrated by the fact that those who lead quiet, unassuming, unambitious, unavaricious lives are generally the happiest in the married state. It is not marriage but the world, in the old religious sense, that is the destroyer of love. Give it hospitality and it will remain as a permanent guest at your hearth.

HE HAS PLENTY OF GRIT.

Story of an Artist Who Has Turned Newsboy, for a Time at Least.

Philadelphia North American.

As a reporter walked up Chestnut street last evening a faltering voice was heard.

"Please buy a paper," it said.

The reporter stopped and looked around; the voice, so different from the cry of the average newsboy, arrested his attention. What he saw was a short, red-whiskered, well-dressed, gentlemanly-looking young man, his face suffused by a blush. Evidently he was new at the business.

"No, I never sold papers before," he replied in answer to an inquiry, and then he told his story in a manner which showed that he was an intelligent, well-educated man.

"It is a case of necessity. I have been one of the unfortunates," he said; "but I would do anything to keep body and soul together. At my home, on North Seventh street, I have a wife and four little children, and they must not starve—even if I suffer in providing for them. I am a portrait painter, but have been out of employment for a month or more, and during that time have worked with a pick and shovel on the streets, but not being used to the work, was discharged to make room for a man accustomed to such employment. Yesterday I scrubbed the floor of a store and earned 20 cents. That amount I invested in papers, and have $1.50 to-day. I will keep at this until something better turns up.

"Of course it is hard work, and many a friend of my prosperous days glances askance at me as he passes along the street; but already I have grown accustomed to that, and hardly notice them now."

That man has many more times the amount of grit in his make-up than most men are credited with.

RAID ON A REBEL ROAD

The Destruction of the Weldon Railroad in December, 1864.

March of One Hundred Miles in Six Days—One of Many Stories of Privation and Suffering of the Late War.

The reading of the official reports of the officers who commanded an expedition from the Army of the Potomac, in December, 1864, sent to tear up the Weldon railroad, in the "Official Reports of the Union and Confederate Armies," recalls one of those many seasons of extreme privation and hardship which sowed the seeds of disease in the systems of thousands of stalwart men, and which developed in chronic invalidism and premature old age.

The object of General Grant at that time was to pen up the army of Lee in Richmond and Petersburg and compel surrender to escape starvation. In December, 1864, the Weldon railroad, connecting Wilmington, N. C., one of the few Atlantic ports open to British blockade runners, was one of the main channels of supply, not only for foreign goods, but for food from the confederate States to the South. At one time or another that road had been destroyed for thirty miles below Petersburg, but that was not enough to cripple it as a feeder. It was, therefore, an essential feature of General Grant's plan to destroy twenty-five or thirty miles more of that road so thoroughly that, with the limited resources of the Confederacy, it could not be re-equipped for three months. Accordingly the whole of the Fifth Corps, the Third Division of the Second Corps and a division of cavalry were designated for this important work of destruction, under Gen. Warren.

At that time the Fifth Corps was lying in the rear of the Army of the Potomac south of the Appomattox. During Dec. 6 the Third Division of the Second Corps was drawn out of the front lines and massed in rear of the left of the Union army. Before day Dec. 7 this army was on its way down the Jerusalem plank road and by noon, by rapid marching, was beyond striking distance of any force of the rebel army so large as to be feared.

A man who took part in the movement says the first day was an ideal December day—sharply cool before sunrise, but most enjoyable for marching at a rapid rate. A half mile distant toward the enemy's country the cavalry flankers could now and then be seen as the line came out of the woods into a cleared field—the watch dogs of the army and at that time a most effective arm of the service. By noon all danger of pursuit was over. The force got away unobserved, while the enemy was so closely watched from the lines about Petersburg and his troops so occupied that it would not be safe for him to detach a force adequate to cope with the 15,000 or 18,000 men in Gen. Warren's command. Before noon the command reached a region which had not been overrun by either army—a country full of corn fields and corn houses, razor-backed hogs, chickens, turkeys, sweet potatoes and apple jack—a tipple so potent that it might be stigmatized as malignant. It could be adulterated with proof alcohol. It was a fatal day for pigs and poultry, and for men who indulged in the deadly confederate apple jack. Late in the afternoon the rear of the expedition crossed the Nottoway river on a pontoon bridge, and at dark encamped in the field beyond. The night was so mild that no tent was pitched, but at midnight a cloud passed which contained enough rain to moisten the blankets.

WORK OF THE REAR GUARD.

Before sunrise the rear guard, with the wagon train in front, was either on its way or waiting for those in front to clear the road. All stragglers, no matter how footsore, were pushed along, for by this time a small force of rebel cavalry were hanging upon the rear and flanks, keeping at a respectful distance, but on the alert to swoop down and gather in a delayed wagon or to strip the clothes from stragglers whom they could not carry off as prisoners. It was a warm day, and thinking only of the present, the recruits in the regiments at the front threw away their new blankets. The veterans coolly exchanged their well-worn blankets for the new, while the rear guard, as far as it was able, scraped those left into piles and set them on fire to keep them out of the hands of the enemy. An abundance of apple jack was found and destroyed by the officers of the rear guard, but not until many canteens of it got into the hands and finally into the stomachs of those whose natural "thirst" had been wonderfully developed during three months or more of very general drouth. Not many men succumbed to it, but enough to give the rear guard full occupation. Quite a number eluded the guard and gave themselves up to debauch. All such fell into the hands of the enemy, or, worse, became victims of the vengeance of the few old men who were seen about the houses, evidently too feeble to be in the confederate armies. At any rate, when the force returned several squads of three or four soldiers were found dead in out-of-the-way places, evidently killed when in drunken sleep by bushwhackers, who stripped them of their clothing. This discovery made General Warren very angry, and the houses and corribs which he had spared as he went forward were given to the torch by his order, it is said, after the murdered soldiers were discovered.

In our regiment we had a new chaplain who had served in the ranks. He knew the value of new blankets, and when he saw them thrown away he picked up one after another and put them upon his horse, until he could hardly sit astride them. He was not much of a horseman at best, and did not make any effort to avoid the mudholes, which were deep. Into one of these his horse plunged, and the chaplain, perched upon his insecure pile of blankets, went over the animal's head and sprawled into a quagmire. To say that he was muddy when he was helped to terra firma would inadequately describe his condition. He had rolled over in the liquid mud, until he was plastered with the free soil of Virginia from head to foot. Toward night we marched through a division of the Fifth Corps, and many of the men looked at us as we passed. The mud on the chaplain had partially dried, and he was a sight. The plentifulness of applejack suggested the cause, and for half a mile the poor chaplain, who had never tasted whisky, was saluted with, "How are you, Applejack?" "Hi, hi, old man, you must have had a whole canteen of jack!" "Who pulled ye out of the mud, old Applejack?" It was fun for the boys, but it was dreadful for the scandalized chaplain.

It was after dark that night when we halted and ate a better supper than the commissary furnished. Before we turned in a headquarters hostler rode up on a mule with a sheep. As he threw it off he remarked that "no rebel sheep could bite him and live." We went to sleep with visions of fried mutton and sweet potatoes in the morning.

DESTROYING THE TRACK.

Before the morning came a northeast wind had sprung up, which went to the marrow of one's bones. We had the fried mutton, but so cold was the weather that the gravy became tallow in our tin plates. It was fearfully cold, and the men were glad to be on the road marching at a rapid gait. We soon came to the railroad track and the remains of a burning depot. After a rapid march of an hour we came to the track—that is, we were at the head of the column. Muskets were stacked and the regiment was deployed on one side of the track, about a yard apart. It was a jointed rail of some sort. The detached end of the track was lifted to a perpendicular and then pushed over, turning like a vast furrow of sod before a plow. As soon as our section was upside down, another regiment was in line to turn over its section. The men then fell upon the sleepers with fence rails and pried off the ties. These were quickly piled up, the iron rails were placed upon them, and the interior and spaces filled with the pine fence rails and the heaps set on fire. If it had been other than a cold day, with a snowstorm, this work would have been exhausting, but it was just the weather to make the task easy. The men entered into the spirit of it. When the middles of the rails were at red heat the men would seize them by the ends and double them up so that no rolling mill could make them of use for carrying rebel supplies to Petersburg. It was 9 o'clock in the morning when we struck our first section of track, and it was 11 when we started to march past the rest of the army engaged in the work of destruction, having become the rear in the interval instead of the front of the column. Snow was falling fast; the wind was piercing and the men marched almost at double quick to keep warm; yet it was late in the afternoon when we were, for a second time, the head of the column, with a strip of track to tear up. By this time there were two inches of snow upon the ground, and we went into camp in the woods. Fires were quickly built, the wretched shelter tents were pitched and hot coffee drunk. Then came an order to turn out and march three or four miles and tear up the last section of track—as near a fort on the line as we could go without a fight. Three miles through the blinding snow, which filled ill-fitting shoes, while the wind benumbed the fingers and arms which bore the muskets, was an experience that lingers in the memory.

There was one scene that dreadful night which so fixed itself upon the memory that it is often recalled. We came into an open field in which, under the lee of the woods, a division of the Fifth Corps had recently gone into camp. The half-frozen men not only carried each a fence rail to make a fire, but they had leveled or set on fire a dozen or more cabins which had been used for railroad laborers, and set fire to the whole. The burning was at its height when we suddenly came upon it by a turn in the road. In the darkness and the fury of the storm the field seemed an angry sea of fire, out of the billows of which came the shouts of men.

Soon we came to the end of the lane, filed down into a deep cut, posted flankers on the side next the enemy, and in a short time another three hundred yards of the track of the Weldon railroad was torn up, its ties set on fire and its rails twisted out of usefulness. Our work of destruction ended, we marched back by the mouth of that long, deep cut, aflame with the burning sleepers and resinous fence rails. It did not require an over vivid imagination to picture it as the mouth of the infernal regions.

DAYS AND NIGHTS OF HARDSHIP.

It was after midnight when we reached the camp in the woods. The fires had burned out and the shelter tents stoods covered with snow, while the bits of space under them were wet; but eighteen hours such as had been passed through fitted us for sleep in any place. Except the few who had high boots there was not a man whose feet were not water-soaked. But all went to sleep, regardless of the discomfort. As for the tents, they were simply sieves through which the melting snow trickled down upon the bodies of the exhausted sleepers.

When morning came the snow had ceased and the temperature had begun to fall preparatory to rain. Every tree was loaded with snow, and one sank into it to the tops of the low shoes. A comfortless breakfast was eaten, the shelter tents were shaken out, the damp blankets folded, and by 8 o'clock we turned our faces toward the Army of the Potomac, sixty miles away. A division had preceded us over the now melting snow, leaving to us a road which from side to side had become a jelly of sacred soil and snow. Taking to the fields on either side, or the woods, the soldier sank to his ankles and his feet were clogged with snow and mud, while the pine trees wept ice water on his head. Along in the afternoon a drizzling rain began to fall. There could be no "falling out" to rest, as a fringe of mounted bushwhackers hung upon our rear to pick up rather than fight. It was dark when that dreary day's march was ended and we filed into a field covered with the melting snow over the soaked soil. It was a dreadful place for human beings to spend the night. Fortunately, pine fence rails were plentiful, and in the distance stacks of straw and corn fodder were discovered. These we seized and made use of, placing them upon the rails, which were not necessary for fuel, for bedding to keep us out of the mud. There was no yarn spinning that night about those flickering fires. Supper, an inconsequential affair, was eaten, and then nature's sweet restorer came without wooing. In the chill of the leaden day, while it was yet not quite light, we built fires of the rails used for bedding, cooked a scanty breakfast and began another day's mud march. The next day, at noon, the weather cleared and became blustery and cold. It was Sunday. At noon we came to the Nottoway river and waited until late in the afternoon for our turn to cross. The enemy's scouts could be seen at a safe distance, and they were shelled, both to keep them at a respectful distance and to hasten the marching over the river.

It was after dark when we went into camp. The ground was beginning to freeze, a cutting northwest wind swept over the camping ground, and the stars glittered as they only can when the weather is wintry. It was so cold that half the army shivered about the fires, which were fed the live-long night, trying to warm feet that had been three days wet. Those who had blankets enough to make sleep possible often found the exposed ends frozen into the now congealed mud and water. We were glad to be on the rough and foot-wearying road again, marching a four-mile-an-hour pace to keep warm. It was so cold that mounted men dismounted and hurried along on foot. By noon we had marched the regulation distance for a day; long before night we passed the flank picket line of the Army of Potomac, and soon the smoke of the camps and the headquarters flags greeted our eyes. Another and yet another cold and comfortless night was spent before the men whose clothing and shoes had been worn out were got into winter quarters and protected from the winter weather. We were gone six days. We did not fire a musket, except at rebel poultry and pigs, or see more than a rebel vidette, but we tore up over twenty miles of the Weldon road, destroyed water tanks and stations, and thereby made it necessary for the supplies from that source for Lee's army to be hauled over mud roads by scanty trains, a feat then almost impossible. It was one of the tightening processes by which General Grant was strangling the Army of Northern Virginia to death.

But why tell this story? There were scores of expeditions during the war in which the privation was keener and the suffering longer and more intense. Why? That the present generation may have a faint conception of the terrible exposure incident to the war—exposures which have told in subsequent years in premature disease and broken constitutions. Thousands of men who were in such expeditions, in the full vigor of early manhood, were mustered out of the service, apparently sound men. Nevertheless, the germs of insidious disease fastened themselves in the very citadels of life to burst into vigorous growth a few years later. Thousands of such men were as thoroughly disabled from the results of the exposure of such expeditions as if they had been wounded in battle or were broken with camp disease. Men cannot live a week with wet feet and limbs, sleep on the wet ground, suffer from intense cold, do three days' work in one upon insufficient food, without paying the penalty sooner or later. Thousands of such men have become old and incapacitated for full labor at forty-five years of age, but, having had no hospital record, and not being able to trace their disability back to the service, they failed to receive pensions until the passage of the law of 1890. Scores of such men, who can tell of experiences like this, are seen on the streets daily, bearing the marks of premature age. In five years they have aged ten and lost the vitality of twenty. Because they cannot trace their disability directly to the exposure of a Weldon railroad raid, inconsiderate people declare that they have no right to pensions, when no names can more worthily adorn that roll of honor.

The Question of Introductions.

Philadelphia Times.

One of the mooted questions of the day is, "When is it proper to introduce people to each other?" The strictest etiquette forbids casual social introductions or the introducing of any two people at any time without the consent of both parties. It is argued that people who meet in a drawing room as fellow-guests are introduced by that mere fact sufficiently for the social purpose of the hour, and they may engage in conversation, if they choose, without the least hesitancy, both understanding that this interchange involves no acquaintance beyond the present occasion. By this arrangement an awkward silence is averted, and it certainly seems as if the chief argument in favor of "introducing people" is met, since, with "the roof" as their transient introduction, they are perfectly at ease without personal introductions. When people are used to this idea it is altogether the most sensible and agreeable solution of the question, but many social assemblies demonstrate that a large number of people are yet waiting to be introduced, and not without some feeling of resentment when this ceremony is neglected. Let it be understood that any one is at liberty to speak to a fellow-guest without an introduction; also, that such a "talk" does not warrant any subsequent claim of acquaintance. If in the course of this impromptu chat mutual interest is awakened, either one may later seek an introduction in due form through some common friend. Unfortunately, however, most people will not have it that way, and at every large dinner party men may be seen standing around stiff and awkward glaring at men whose names they know perfectly well, but waiting for the formality of an introduction.

FOUR DOCTORS' TALES

Told During Recess at the World's Fair Medical Congress.

Science, Romance and Psychical Experience Interestingly Intermingled with Therapeutics.

New York Press.

In the presence of O. R. Quill, of Chicago, the subject was brought up of a physician refusing to attend a man who had been injured in a street accident, unless some one guaranteed the fee. The man was said to have died from delayed attention.

"This thing of charity treatment is one of the most bothersome questions a physician in a big city has to contend with," said the doctor. "There are thousands of people in every big town who attempt to get through life without paying for anything, and doctors are their prey. It costs money to purchase bandages, anaesthetics and such things. A doctor must live as well as other people. Patients who can pay won't pay, and it is no wonder that doctors become aggravated now and then. But I draw the line, however, on the methods adopted by a doctor in my neighborhood. A teamster came to his office with a vicious gash on his forehead incurred in a fight The fellow could hardly walk from loss of blood. He wanted the cut sewed up. The doctor asked him if he had any money. The fellow said he had $3. The physician went to work and sewed up the cut. When he got through, after an hour's hard work, he asked for his fee. The fellow drew out 30 cents and offered it to the doctor, saying that that was all he had. This so enraged the physician that he requested the man to step back into the chair. The fellow unsuspectingly did so. The doctor grabbed him by the throat with one hand, and with one cut of his knife reopened the wound. This was a barbarous act, entirely unjustified, and while doctors must have money, such conduct merits the greatest censure. The doctor who committed this act of gross revenge has fully suffered for his folly in his loss of patronage and standing."

"More or less romance creeps into a physician's life," said Dr. Allan Turner, of Cincinnati. "We become, like the priestly confessional, the recipients of all manner of secrets, and some of them would blast many a happy home should they become known to the world. One of the saddest scenes I remember was a girl's denial of her mother when the latter was lying under the physician's knife in a big hospital. The mother came to us suffering from an incurable disease, and she was plainly told that the operation which was about to be performed might cost her her life. The gray-haired old woman was asked if she had any wishes or communications to make before passing through the ordeal. She asked us to stay the operation for a short time, and for two days she lay upon her couch evidently engrossed in heart-rending thought. Tears would roll down her wrinkled old face and her form would shake with convulsive grief. Finally she motioned the ward physician to her bedside, saying she had a secret which she wished to confide to him, and on which she desired his judgment.

"With broken voice she told the following story: When a young country girl, her parents told her that the time had come when she ought to think of earning her own living. Her father was a small farmer, and her life had been one of hard work. Still this had not prevented her from developing into a rosy-cheeked, buxom country lass, and with cheerful heart she began work as a domestic in the home of a then leading statesman. He is dead, but his name will go down upon the pages of our country's history as one of the greatest figures of the late war. Living in the house was the statesman's brother, a man aged about thirty-six years, who had left his wife and family. The brother was a bold, dashing sort of fellow, thoroughly unscrupulous, and his eyes were soon cast upon the fresh beauty of the country maid. He accomplished her ruin. The girl's condition began to be apparent. The statesman learned of his brother's indiscretion. There was a terrible row. But after the first scene it was determined to keep the matter quiet. The girl was quietly sent away, and a girl babe was born. In a few weeks it was taken from the mother and given into the family of most respectable people, who agreed to take and raise it. The child grew up into a handsome and accomplished woman in entire ignorance of her true birth. Her foster parents were cautioned never to tell her the secret, and they never did. Through means supplied by her real father she was given a splendid education, and eventually married a prosperous young lawyer of Kansas City. During all these years the girl's true mother earned a livelihood by menial labor.

"Having told this story, which, from her evident life of suffering, had become a domestic tragedy, she tearfully asked the physician what ought to be done. She did not want to die without seeing her child and having the truth known. We all had but one thought. It was nothing more than right that the mother should have the privilege of seeing her own child. Physicians have a hard way of looking at these things, and the fact of the daughter's social position had little weight with us. We immediately wrote to the daughter's husband, giving him an inkling of the situation and requested his and his wife's immediate presence in Cincinnati. The day came when mother and daughter were to meet for the first time in twenty-three years. The daughter was brought to her mother's bedside. The physicians were gathered around, and at the request of the mother, who even then did not dare to look at her daughter, Dr. Evans briefly told the story. As he went on a look of horror came into the young woman's eyes. Her hands trembled with agonized excitement, and when the doctor touched upon her illegitimate birth she gave a choking cry of rage and tried to spring upon him as if she would kill him.

"The husband, though apparently also half dazed, restrained her and she sank half fainting into his arms. When the doctor concluded and asked the young woman if she desired to say anything to her mother in private she raised herself up. With flashing eyes she pointed her hand at the tremulous old form lying on the couch and almost shriekingly cried:

"'What, that woman my mother! Never! Never! Never! She is an impostor. It is a lie—a cruel lie, horrible lie. I never will believe it. I will not acknowledge her to be my mother. Take me away.'

"The mother died the next night. She never uttered a sound after the awful words of her daughter, and with staring eyes sank slowly away."

"Yes, I firmly believe in mother marks," said Dr. J. M. Parks, of Hot Springs, Ark. "I have had the truth of the theory brought forcibly to my attention in many instances. My own wife bore a mark given to her by her mother. On her right arm, below the elbow, one of the principal veins was dotted and corrugated as if a number of strawberries were laid in a row. The vein, when pressed, assumed a strawberry hue. My wife's mother, in accounting for this freak, said that, previous to my wife's birth, she had an intense desire for strawberry wine, which she was unable to gratify for a long time. The peculiar marking was, no doubt, the result of this desire."

"I know of a more remarkable case than that," remarked Dr. J. D. Stewart, of Detroit. "There is a young man in our town who was born with his left hand off at the wrist. The young fellow is very sensitive about his deformity, and it was not until after an acquaintance of several years that he informed me of the cause of his misfortune. He said he did not know it himself until he had almost reached manhood, when his father told him. His father said that the young man's mother, when newly married, was a great reader of light literature. Shortly previous to his birth the famous story of 'The Hidden Hand' was appearing as a weekly serial. The front page was adorned with a ghastly cut of a hand off at the wrist. The mother became so wrapped up in the harrowing tale that she thought of it night and day. The impression wrought its consequences when the child was born minus a hand."

"Do I think there is a grain of truth in the faith cure system?" repeated Dr. Henry Waters, of Hartford, Conn. "Yes, there is a grain of truth in almost all theories, and possibly there is a germ of substantial fact in the claims of the faith cure advocate. But the germ is an exceedingly delicate one, and cannot stand the enormous mass of false theories that have been built upon it. No doubt that cures have been worked by faith in the cases of nervous diseases. The brain is the seat of all nervous difficulties, and the thousands of little nerves respond to the brain's influence with magnetic affinity. A morbid mind is the cause of many forms of nervous trouble. Let the brain be cured of its morbid state and the nervous affection at once disappears. The cause has been removed and the effect has no longer reason for existence. But I do not believe that a cure was ever worked in a distinct pathological affection owing its causes to something else besides the nerves. And yet while I make this statement, I do so contrary to a remarkable incident which came under my own obeservation. An old woman living some miles out of Hartford was afflicted with a cancerous affection which had eaten away her entire lower jaw. She suffered intolerable pain, and she prayed for a speedy death. All the regular physicians of the neighborhood had long given up her case as hopeless. The old woman, snatching at hope for a last time, heard that an old faith doctor living in the adjoining county, about forty miles away, had been performing many wonderful cures. She sent her brother to see him. The faith devotee told the brother that it was not necessary to see the woman, but to tell her that her pain would cease that night at 12 o'clock, and that she would get well. The brother informed the suffering woman of the faith doctor's words, and, while I hate to admit it, that woman actually got well. She maintained that the pain ceased promptly at the time foretold, and from that moment she began to improve. I cannot vouch for the faith doctor part of the story other than what was told me, but I do know that I personally examined the woman previous to the alleged cure and I did not give her six weeks of life. This story is absolutely true as I have told it. Let those who can explain do so. I simply submit the facts as they exist."

VICTORIA AT HOME.

Contented with Her Humdrum Life—True to John Brown's Memory.

Boston Transcript.

Once a week the chair is drawn down to the churchyard, and the Queen inspects the grave of the faithful and departed John Brown. The village, too, is often visited, and her Majesty thinks no shame of herself purchasing serges and flannels to distribute among the poor at the one little shop kept by Mrs. Symons. At 12:30 she returns to the castle, refreshes herself with an egg beaten in milk, and then is ready to see Sir Henry Ponsonby, her private secretary, and the minister in attendance. Luncheon is the Queen's favorite meal, and she is then pleased to converse in a lively fashion, discussing the news of the day, and often showing a fund of amusing anecdote. In the afternoon she again drives out, and often stops for tea at some cottage on the estate, where a room is specially reserved for such emergencies. Humble friends of the Queen are visited, and sometimes she is pleased to use her sketching materials. After her return, an hour is devoted to the little grandchildren, and there is an interval of rest before the 9 o'clock dinner, after which her Majesty, though she is such an early riser, usually spends two hours or more with her private secretary. Francis Clark, by the way, is of the same type as his cousin, John Brown, but, although he is deservedly loved by his mistress, he would not venture upon the liberities his predecessor was privileged to take. Some funny and authentic anecdotes were told me by my friend of the faithful Brown. One day during his time the Queen was preparing to sketch near Glassault Shiel, where she had spent the previous night. Even the Queen sometimes gets out of bed on the wrong side, and this happened to be such a morning. One table after another was brought from the Shiel, until the supply was exhausted and the servants plunged in despair, but yet none of them suited her fretful Majesty. At last John Brown took one of the rejected articles and set it down rather hard and with much decision before his mistress. "They canna mak' one for ye," said he. The Queen could but laugh; the table was accepted and amiability restored. Sometimes her Majesty would appear ready for her drive in some comfortable old cloak of far from prepossessing appearance, but of this descent from royal dignity the servitor stronly disapproved. "And what kind of a thing is that ye've got on the day?" he would grimly say, and the good natured sovereign would usually dress to please her attendant on the next occasion of the kind. The Indian empire is represented in the royal household by her Majesty's Indian secretary, and her personal attendant, a very handsome Asiatic, who is always gorgeously appareled in scarlet, white and gold. And these men have their servants and their own suite of apartments in the castle, where the fragrance of curry is said never to be absent. The Queen is very good to her servants and takes great interest in their personal welfare. And, of course, the happiness of her humble subjects helps to make her happiness. But I wonder how many women would be contented with the dull and humdrum life led during the larger portion of the year by England's Queen.

FEATHERS AS ORNAMENTS.

A Naturalist Protests Against the Extermination of Rare Birds.

New York Evening Post.

Mr. W. H. Hudson, the well-known English naturalist, again publishes a vehement protest against the barbarous fashion which encourages the slaughter of singing and other birds for the decoration of the feminine head. Last autumn, he says, there were grounds for hope that the habit of bird wearing would soon cease, but now feathers are once more displayed in all the milliners' windows, and every second woman has an aigrette of heron's plumes in her bonnet. "Of these aigrettes," he writes, "formed of 'ospreys,' it may be mentioned that they consist of the slender decomposed dorsal feathers of the white herons or egrets; that they are the bird's nuptial ornaments, consequently are only to be obtained during the breeding season, when the death of the parent bird involves the death by starvation of the young in the nest. For the sake of the few ornamental feathers yielded by each bird killed, the white herons have been entirely exterminated in Florida, their great breeding district in North America, and the massacre has since gone on in South America, Africa, India and Australia—the birds being slaughtered wholesale in the heronries. According to Lord Lilford, in his 'Birds of the British Islands,' the thoughtless fashion for these feathers has caused the almost entire extermination of more than one species. About the cruelty of killing these birds when they are engaged in incubation and rearing their young nothing need be said here. Doubtless it is very great, so that men who live, so to speak, in a rougher world, and are harder than women, are sickened at the thought of it; but it is really a very small matter, scarcely worthy of mention, compared with the crime and monstrous outrage of deliberately exterminating species such as the snowy egrets, birds of paradise, and numberless others, that are being done to death. For these are not of the commoner types, universally distributed, and mostly of modest coloring, which would not be greatly missed after their places, left vacant, had been occupied by others; the kinds now being destroyed cannot be replaced, not in 1,000 years, nor ever; they are Nature's most brilliant living gems and give her greatest lustre." The only answer thus far made to Mr. Hudson is an assertion by a milliner that much of the plumage is not what it pretends to be, but is manufactured out of cocks' feathers. She does not say whether they are sold as cocks' feathers or not.

Traits of the Parisian Belle.

Marquise De San Carlos, in North American Review.

The genuine Frenchwoman of society is rarely beautiful. She is always more or less fascinating. Like the French nobleman she is tall, lithe, intelligent, appreciative of art, with much delicacy of feeling, and has either very strong, almost bigoted principles or none at all. As there is no possibility for the development of love before marriage, the most natural of all human passions is apt to assert its power long after the excitable young Frenchwoman has contracted an alliance with some "unsympathetic fellow," and it needs much character and very solid virtue to resist the courtship of enterprising French noblemen who swarm round young brides with the skepticism of true libertines. Women of strict principles who have not become nuns on leaving schools, and who have had the courage to withstand the current of youth and passion, lead, after marriage, for the most part, lives of silent domestic martyrdom. Those who have rather loose morals, and they are perchance the greater number, seem to have a pretty good time of it, and spend their golden years "trompant leurs maris" with a vengeance, while they bring up their children with the greatest severity, on a system of blindfold ignorance. In fact, the cool way French women have of being immoral without giving up going to church on Sunday is a mystery. One sister will be a Carmelite, and the other will accept the homage of half a dozen admirers. Yet both have been educated in the same convent; both have shared the same life till the age of eighteen, when the gay, laughing blonde entered a religious order, and the dark almond-eyed sister sought the marriage tie for the sole purpose of securing freedom.